For You.

I Glide not with the stream
To the cold sea,
Where none may dream
To hasten after me,
Where no sad longing heart
May have me for its part.

But like the rosebud fair
All day I glow,
Breathing a fragrant prayer
That you may know,
Each comely petal grew
Incarnadine for you.

I. R. S.

Fiške’s Critical Period.

JOHN FORDYCE, ’14.

In “The Critical Period of American History,” John Fiske, our best authority on the time of the American Revolution, has chosen to treat the years 1783–1789. He claims that these five years following the close of the “Revolution” were much more critical than any other time that we can conceive of. The Civil War involved some dangerous work and made the future of our country look blue for some time, but when the Civil War came upon us we had an organized national government. In 1783 our government was just beginning and so many things pointed to a failure that it is regarded miraculous we are, existing as a centralized nation today.

Following the fall of Lord North’s ministry things took a very favorable aspect for the Americans and British alike. The Whigs in England were in sympathy with the American cause and lost much of their power by being so sympathetic. Lord Rockingham became Prime Minister and under his rule much informal talking was done which helped in the end to consummate a treaty of peace between the two countries. Rockingham was followed by Lord Shelburne. Vergennes tried some treachery towards us and Jay at once sent Vaughan to London to start a treaty of peace. The French minister did not like the plan of Jay in the separate treaty with England but Adams agreed with Jay and the two Americans soon had a treaty which was not ordered by Congress but which made the French respect us greatly. This Jay treaty did not find many supporters on either side of the Atlantic but as it was the best that could be obtained at the time it stood, but not until Shelburne had been defeated and William Pitt, the younger, had taken his place.

The British troops had gone home and peace had now come upon the country in so far as we were not combating an outside enemy. Greater than any foreign enemy was the one we were fighting from within. Our people had just thrown off the yoke of anarchy and mistook license for liberty. All forms of government which did not really mean the rule of the rabble were held in distrust. The Confederation was warring with the several state governments, the state governments fought with he districts and towns, while these latter were made the unwilling opponents of the people in many cases. The Revolution was a conservative movement in that it did not set up a military ruler as did the French army.

The qualifications in some states for voters included religious obligations. These were soon done away with. Virginia tried to get an Episcopalian bishop ordained but on account of the oath of allegiance nothing could be done. Finally a gentleman was ordained in Scotland.
without being obliged to take the detestable oath. After overcoming a great many minor difficulties the state governments ran smoothly but the Federation at no time was certain of itself. The foreign powers knew this and did not trust us at all. Most of the great men of England and France looked for us either to set up some sort of a monarchy or to beg England to take us back under her protection. The monarchy was proposed but on account of the good sense of George Washington this form of government was rejected.

The states had never been able to do anything in concert even though they had formed a flimsy sort of a union by severing themselves from England at the same time and on account of a common cause. The "Articles of Confederation" simply sought to promote good will and friendship between the states. In time of war they recognized the benefit of bandoing together but they could not see the good to be derived from a union formed in times of peace. The union they did form was not strong enough to hold them together. Congress could not levy taxes, their power was merely advisory and authoritative. Congress could not accumulate funds to pay the army and was in constant dread of rebellion on this account.

The fears of Congress were not unfounded because the leaders had written an address which was to incite the soldiers to anarchy and treason. Washington heard of it and called his officers, who had started this Newburgh address, to help him put down anything that looked like a rebellion. This was put aside without much trouble but the Pennsylvania militia swept down on Philadelphia and drove Congress from its sitting there.

The Order of the Cincinnati soon formed itself as a hereditary order of the officers of the Revolution. The people feared this imaginary dragon. Pictures were drawn of the Cincinnati usurping the government and to offset this order Tammany was formed.

The Jay Treaty called for protection and compensation of the loyalists but Congress could only advise that the states do as the treaty called for. New York especially disobeyed this when she passed the trespass act which made the loyalists give back the property they had acquired during the stay of the British army in New York. This law was very unjust and Alexander Hamilton took it upon himself to show where it was wrong. In the case of Rutgers vs. Waddington, Hamilton upheld the loyalist and won decisively. These weaknesses of Congress were recognized by England who refused to surrender the fortresses on the northern border.

All sorts of lawless practices were going on in this country. Different towns refused to trade with each other. More than this, Britain refused to trade with us and made laws against American ships. Former Britains were seized no matter where they were found. To put an end to such outrages John Adams tried to negotiate a treaty regulating commerce with Great Britain but was unsuccessful. No action could be taken when each of the several states was acting separately with no system. To make this treaty possible it was proposed to give Congress power of regulating commerce but nothing could be done.

Directly following this failure the states began to wage a commercial war. New York tried to place exorbitant taxes on Connecticut and New Jersey products but these latter states literally starved New York out. Connecticut and Pennsylvania had a fight over the Wyoming Valley and New York and New Hampshire fought over the Green Mountains. It was such things as this which made foreign nations refuse to treat with us and killed our credit.

The government was accustomed to draw drafts upon their foreign ministers Once when they had drawn upon Adams to an amount exceeding all previous drafts Adams had to beg money to clear himself.

The pirates captured our vessels and sold the sailors into slavery. They even went so far as to blackmail the United States. We had nothing in the treasury to fight with or pay them with so we had to let the matter pass. Paper money came into prominence and many were the outbreaks in favor of it. The legislatures and the thinking people were against this form of medium of exchange but the common people were reduced to a state of barter and could do nothing without some means of exchanging goods. The people in the West became extremely aggravated and were about to march to the East to demand their rights when they were pacified. The insurrections were suppressed by state troops and the warring members went home.

Putting down such a great rebellion as this showed signs of the war union coming on again. While the people were in this spirit they created
a national domain in the western part of the country for which New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Virginia contended. Maryland suggested that this piece of property be made a national possession and so it came about. This domain caused much trouble. Jefferson proposed a scheme for governing it but because of a slavery clause his plan failed. Numerous other schemes chiefly modifications of Jefferson's plan, were proposed and the Ordinance of 1787 prescribed the government for this territory.

Kentucky and some of the territory held by Virginia and the Carolinas threatened to secede on account of a provision which Gradogui, the Spanish minister, tried to get Jay to put in a treaty providing for the closing of the Mississippi to American trade for twenty-five years. The state of Franklin was formed but soon came again to be loyal territory.

To offset any trouble that might arise out of the treaty Washington and a number of other citizens gave their services in building a canal from the Mississippi to the Chesapeake Bay entrance to the Atlantic. Spain caused all this trouble on learning of the secret article in the Jay treaty with England.

The Annapolis Convention which itself did not accomplish much paved the way for the great convention which was to form the strong government we now enjoy. This convention was not well attended and Hamilton called for another at Philadelphia in the spring. Other causes tended to make this necessary, chief among them being the action of New York in defeating the measure which was to give Congress power to lay uniform imposts.

The Constitution was finished and had to be signed by the delegates. Some of the men had left before the convention was over but only three of those present at the closing refused to sign the document which Gladstone called "the greatest work struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

The Constitution now finished must go upon its own merits and get the ratification of the various states. They ratified it in the following order: Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire Virginia, New York, North Carolina, and Rhode Island. In these various conventions there were difficulties of different kinds but all these had been talked over at the convention and the delegates generally upheld their work and were successful in it.

In New York Hamilton had the whole assembly against him but he succeeded in beating the leader of the opposition and so won the day.

As a fitting President George Washington was chosen with John Adams as vice-president. Samuel Adams would have been vice-president but his views in the state rights problem kept him from it.

Mr. Fiske has handled his subject in a very comprehensible manner, he uses good plain
language and a fine style. Nowhere is his thought obscure. In the whole book there is not a single mistake in the use of English. He is a good reliable historian writing in a style which will appeal to any one who is interested in history and also will captivate a casual reader. Usually when a writer has a readable style he has not authentic facts. Mr. Fiske, in this regard, is one of our best historians.

Always do we find him ready to give references. In the instance of the story about Washington and the cherry tree, Mr. Fiske has referred to Mason Weims' book on the life of Washington.

The period of the Revolution catches Mr. Fiske and holds him. He must be respected on account of his work. The gentleman did not choose an extended period to write about. He chose rather to write about a short period but to have facts at his disposal when he did write. Another thing which must be said of Mr. Fiske is that he gives events in their chronological order and does not jump from Maryland to Maine and give complete histories of the separate places. This tendency of historians to give complete histories of different parts of the country gives one a terribly mixed idea of history. Mr. Fiske's method gives one a good-general idea of what was going on at the same time in different parts of the colonies.

Fiske does not use any embellishments which make themselves evident. If he uses any decoration at all he is very good at concealing the fact.

Comparing Fiske with Winsor one finds a corroboration nearly to the word. Also Eggleston's works agree with those of Mr. Fiske. Taken all in all we must regard him as one of the best if not the best and most pleasing author of the history of the Revolution.

The “Canuck.”

ARTHUR HAYES, '15.

“Looks like a Leech Lake hoss,” observed Hawkins judiciously, “a lot of these government imports get away from there every year.”

“Rats,” retorted Saginaw Carson inelegantly, “who ever heard of a nag driftin’ into the face of a blizzard? He’s a Canadian plug from somewhere north of the Rainy. I don’t recognize his brand, and I’m plumb familiar with American registration.”

“At any rate,” resumed Carson, “we’re not goin’ to get to any particular pains to give him back to the Canucks. He may be worth sixty bucks when the ice goes out.”

The subject of their remarks slumped dejectedly in a double stall in Diamond Hill Camp, No. 3. Somewhere out of that sombre, frost-rimed green-aisled wilderness, he had wandered. Weak from cold and starvation he had aimlessly followed a Diamond Hill tote road. About nine in the evening the camp was astounded to hear the snapping and yelping of wolves at their very door. Seizing rifles revolvers and cant hook handles the whole delighted gang sallied forth.

With his back to the stable door a small sorrel horse was striking bravely at a score of gaunt gray timber wolves, who sought to pull him down. The advent of the yelling lumberjacks put them to rout, minus their leader and two others of the pack.

The little sorrel was the object of immediate interest, much attention, and a multitude of vague speculations. His head and neck bled in a dozen places where the inch long canines of the timber terrors had closed but failed to hold. His black mane and tail were knotted with burrs, twigs and pine needles. Each rib was clearly defined beneath the shaggy coat. But though his head hung low and his jaded limbs sagged, there was that about his prominent light-blue—"glass"—eyes, which seemed to belie the other evidences of exhaustion. They were alert; calm, cold, and sullenly wicked.

It is a sacredly maintained tradition of the pine country, that neither man nor beast ever visits and leaves a lumber camp hungry. You require no credentials, no influence. Drunk or sober, rich or poor, pleasing or re-
pulsive, you eat your fill—and the same goes for the beast.

Tender hearted Mike Carney, the stable boss, devoted much time to feeding, currying, and combing the "little devil." After three weeks of gorging and pampering the transition so wrought was the chief topic of the camp. With flanks filled out, coat clipped and mane and tail combed daily, the "Canuck" as he had been christened, was another horse. Carson's appraisal rose by ten dollar stages from sixty to three hundred. Critical examination of teeth, eyes, tail and hoofs had resulted in a general opinion among those qualified to speak, that he was under five years of age, weighed ten hundred, was sound in wind and limb, and as good looking a "hoss as ever looked through a bridle."

Everyone in camp was eager to see him harnessed or saddled. But Carson, the foreman, demurred. He thought that the "Canuck," sans antecedents and anecdotes, was a more valuable sales prospect than a horse who had given indisputable evidence of being a "bad actor." And certainly if their unheralded visitor exhibited any undesirable traits under a saddle or in the traces, the whole county would know it within a week.

Indignation was rife and openly expressed.

"What in 'ell was he scared of?" "Who told him the 'Canuck' was his'n?" and "what differ does a little fun make?" were queries voiced after each silent meal, the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night.

Bets were offered that he couldn't be ridden, that he was as docile as a lamb; that Carson was going to sneak him into town and sell him. Carson heard and understood, but he was not a talking man and maintained a stubborn silence on all questions pertaining to the sorrel horse.

Harding, of headquarters, called late one Saturday evening, and with Carson departed for town. The camp buzzed with subdued excitement. And Gila Harvey Myers stepped to the fore.

"Seein' that the old lady Carson has pulled his freight temporary," he announced in the bunk-house, "there's goin' to be a little entertainment after chuck tomorrow morning. Blake has a stock saddle an' we'll use a company bridle. I ain't long on the cash but I bets straight that I can ride him, an' two to one that he figlits. I ain't never seen a glass-eyed sorrel with a month's feed an' rest that wouldn't."

Next morning a hundred and twenty-eight men were gathered in a big circle in the chip-covered space between the bunk-house and the barn. Teamsters, top-loaders, swumpers, sawyers, cooks and stablemen.

Swedes tall, fair and awkward; Poles—squat, greasy and sullen; Scotchmen taciturn and morose; Irishmen loquacious and irresponsible—a typical lumber camp crew,—the dregs and riff-raff of the earth, yet strong, brave, generous and hard-working.

The sorrel's bright blue eyes appeared less animated than usual. He spread his legs and inflated his lungs while being saddled but offered no resistance. He literally opened his mouth for the bit.

Gila Harvey, decked out in chaps, and sombrero, self-conscious and superior, stood on one side. His grotesque habiliments and superior airs seemed strangely incongruous, strikingly out of accord with the crackling green Northern woods and the group of silent men.

He vaulted into the saddle when it had been cinched and sat alert, expectant. The sorrel's head dropped. The bright blue eyes seemed to shine. A few guffaws rose from the crowd, as the man and beast remained stationary.

Harvey flapped the "Canuck's" ears with his Stetson. The sorrel shook his head but did not move. Then the cow puncher sent the rowels of his spurs into the shoulder.

With a shriek of rage the sorrel seemed to rise bodily in the air. His head swung down and to the right. The hind quarters sagged, and soon was bucking viciously in a straight line for the icy spot surrounding the tank. The crowd was cheering. Gila Harvey, pale-faced and desperate, was pulling leather.

The next instant they had struck the ice. Man and beast seemed to crumple together. The sorrel rolled clear over and struggled to his feet. Harvey was endeavoring dazedly to get up. Deliberately the sorrel turned, reared, and crushed in his skull with his hoof. Then kneeling on the prostrate form, the "Canuck" began to chew the dead man's arm.

Cursing and yelling the gang charged down upon the pair. But the sorrel was up and away. Straight south through breast-high snow he plunged, and soon was lost to view in the pines.
A tense and white faced crew surrounded Carson at nine that night, when he drove in and unharnessed. He did not appear to notice the silence or the constrained atmosphere.

"Say," he said casually, turning toward Hawkins, "I got a line on the sorrel. He answers to the description of the 'Cannibal,' one of the Alberta outlaws that they had at the round-up in Moosejaw this fall. He got away and broke south. They say he was the worst fighter the Northwest has ever seen under a saddle. There's some damn fool story that I don't take 'an'- stock in though, about his goin' after a man when he's down."

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**Washington Irving as a Story-Teller.**

**JOHN F. KVYES, '14.**

To write prose with the grace and ease of poetry was the gift of Washington Irving. Writing in an age when style was a secondary consideration among literary men, he developed his composition to such a high degree of perfection that even his critics were compelled to admire and see the value of clear melodious presentation. From his "History of New York," to his "Life of Washington" is one easy delightful journey. Irving's genial disposition permeates all his works. Always he is refreshing, cool, clear, and musical.

Perhaps nowhere is he more free and readable than in his stories and tales. The "Sketch Book" gives us the best of his stories in which humor is seasoned with pathos and wit with satire. The principal supports of the work are the two tales, "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." If Irving were compelled to rest his reputation on these two stories alone, his name would live as long as pure, simple English is respected and honored.

The humorous tale of "Rip Van Winkle" with its quaint Dutch setting and whimsical characters will always delight. Rip himself is a character worthy of study and Irving in his creation showed that he was a master in depicting Dutch manners and habits. The long sleep of Rip's is familiar to every schoolboy and girl in the land. The antics of the children and the abusiveness of Rip's wife are described so vividly that one almost feels their material presence. In all, it seems that Irving has written no more beautiful and entertaining story than "Rip Van Winkle" and each reading gives a new delight and discovers some new pleasure.

The second of his two great stories in the "Sketch Book" is "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." This fantastical tale has for its setting the shores of the Hudson, and for its characters the early Dutch people that populated that region. Although at times, to the modern reader, the incidents seem to be marred by the leisurely description and rather elaborated style, yet one can not fail to follow with smiles, and sometimes fearfully, the career of Ichabod Crane. This character is another of the pleasing creations of Irving, and the hills surrounding Sleepy Hollow still abound with the traditions of the fantastical teacher.

But the foundation on which the above tales rest is his great "Knickerbocker legend," from which Irving derived most of his popularity and fame. This is a wonderful creation of his imagination and ought to convince his critics of his imaginative qualities. Historical points are included but are so whimsically embellished as to be almost unrecognizable. The story is that "the Low-Dutch settlers of Nieuw Nederlands sailed from Amsterdam in a ship called the Goede Vrouw, built by the carpenters of that city, who always model their ships on the fair forms of their countrywomen. The beauteous model of this vessel was declared to be the greatest belle in Amsterdam. Those illustrious adventurers who sailed in her landed on the Jersey flats, preferring a marshy ground where they could drive piles and construct dykes. They made a settlement at the Indian village of Communipaw, the egg from which was hatched the mighty city of New York."

This "History of New York" contains the gems of his humor and mingled with this is sentiment. However, the comical element prevails and from the sailing of the Dutch to the last great battle in the New World the reader is treated to some of the choicest humor in the English language. The speeches of Peter Stuyvesant haranguing his troops to do battle against the Swedes are brimful of humor. The old characters excited by their leader, calmly light their pipes and charge the forts. These old battles were the most peaceful and yet at the same time bloody battles that we can find in literature. Irving's mock-heroics never descend into the totally senselessness but always maintain a substratum of feeling and sentiment. Successful as were his later efforts, none surpassed his first when he
produced the "History of New York." Irving loved to come back to the old Dutch characters and weave new legends and fancies around the quaint people. This "Knickerbocker legend" a mere fantastical creation stamped itself upon the great metropolis of America with a sort of quasi-historical indelibility; and even now, the principal distinction of those in the "five hundred" is their ability to trace their ancestors back to the old Knickerbocker period. This original masterpiece of humor is remarkable for its freshness and joyous vigor, and will always be the cornerstone of Irving's fame.

In the "Alhambra" which Prescott styled "the beautiful Spanish Sketch Book," we again find gems of his story-telling art. Irving while staying in Spain seemed to imbibe the dreamy and leisurely spirit of the old Moorish residents, and with his artistic skill wove around them many beautiful and romantic fancies which he gives us in the "Alhambra."

The Moslem tradition that the court and army of Boudivil, the late king of Granada, are shut up in the mountains by a powerful enchantment, serves as the basis of a number of beautiful stories. Among others is the story of "Governor Manco and the Soldier" with its poetic and romantic setting. The happy tale of Don Vincente, a merry student of Salamanca, is familiar to every school child. The romantic figures of the student is interesting from the moment we meet him playing the guitar on the streets until we leave him at midnight amid the ruins of the tower where he has come to break the enchantment and gain the wealth. The "Alhambra" is full of delightful legends and yet the author's airy humor is so mingled with the romantic that our interest never lags and our credulity is never overburdened.

Irving's fame as a story-teller is further strengthened by the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain" and the "Tales of a Traveller." Yet the great body of people will remember him for his delightful tales in the "Sketch Book" and in the "Alhambra," and for the great whimsical "Knickerbocker legend."

The characteristics of his works are humor and sentiment; his gaiety is mingled with sadness; his joyfulness with melancholy. His style is simple and direct; his methods far from complex. He felt his subject, and whether in creating new fancies or portraying realities, as in the "Life of Washington," the analysis is always simple and direct.

In this age of restlessness, the works of Irving bring us a charm and peacefulness not found in the modern literary world. The quaint characters and romantic legends carry us into the realm of the past and out of the busy commercial world of today. His stories are not problem stories, they serve to rest rather than to stimulate. He looked upon the world—not from an economical or philosophical standpoint, but from the literary point of view. His sympathies were not aroused for the great body of men, but for the individual with whom he came in contact and whom he observed.

The great philosophical works may indeed shine brighter today, but Irving's shine more steadily and calmly as the years go by. His kindly sympathy with the lowest, his faith in his fellow-men, his love of sincerity and purity are reflected in his literary works and nowhere more clearly than in his stories and legends.

Subjugation of Man.

*Time*—Almost any morning at 2 o'clock.

*Place*—Bill Hawkins' threshold.

*Characters*—Said Bill Hawkins and His Wife. (Principally his wife.)

*Scenic effects*—Violent beating on locked door of house by Bill himself. Animated approach of Bill's wife, herself, bearing lighted candle.

"So it's you, is it? And a pretty lookin' sight you are, to be gettin' in at two o'clock. Bill Hawkins, I gave you fair warnin' last Saturday night that I'd never meet you at the door no more. It's high time a man like you had a little respect for his wife and children. You blockhead! No! You can't come in! I should say you can't you drunken beast! You say it's the last time? That's what you've said the last ten years, and your word ain't no good. You ain't goin' to get in no more. What I say is law now, Bill Hawkins, it's law, and I mean it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Think of your seven children; and me at home washin' every day to help support 'em; and then you come home like this! You brute! You sinner! Your head's hangin' on a pivot, your eyes are poppin' out; and your clothes are just hangin' on. You're the biggest villain in town, Bill Hawkins. Git,—I say—git out o' here!"

The door slammed shut. Soon the candle-light went out. But Bill knew that the door had not been locked again. He had experienced these sessions before. Did he return?
Varsity Verse.

AND YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN.
There are eyes that are weary and wet tonight
    That are haunting a window pane,
Peering through hands that are trembling and white;
    Into the night and the rain.
There are ears that are straining each sound tonight
    Though the hour is gloomy and late,
Awaiting the footsteps once known with delight.
    Or the click of an old yard gate.
There are lips that are praying somewhere tonight,
    Prayers to a Father above.
Becoming protection and guidance aright,
    The life of her idol and love.
There's a heart that is breaking somewhere tonight.
    In an old home lonesome and still
And a feeble form weeps by a candle's dim light.
    As it rocks in the gloom and the chill.
The eyes with tears glistening; the ears that are listening
    The sad old lips pleading and praying so true;
The feeble form shaking; the heart that is breaking,
    Are those of a mother,—thinking of you.

FRANK W. HOLSLAG.

The Gleam.
Through every man's window the gleam of a chance
    From a star in terrestrial blue,
Shines down in its glory on him all the while
    E'en now it is shining on you.
The brightest of planets, the star of success
    Is reached by the ladder of work.
'Tis always most ready, the willing to please,
    But never the men who will shirk.
No matter how meagre the past may have been,
    Or hopeless the present may seem;
There's always success in the future, for men
    With courage to follow the gleam.
We all have a chance that we take or we shirk
    Opportunity knocks at our door,
We've only to climb o'er this ladder of work
    To taste bitter failure no more.

ANDREW L. MCDONOUGH, '16.

His Sin.
John Smith is such a holy man;
    He dearly loves his wife;
But he'll be lost forever, 'cause
    He eats peas with a knife.

High Finance.

M. E. WALTER.

Number eleven pulled into Harrisville slowly
    and stopped, over an hour late. The passengers
alighted wearily and as Ralph Du Brea stood
    undecided, on the platform, two men stopped
near him and began to complain against the
    poor train service.
"Well," said one, "we can't get a train to
    Plymouth until this afternoon so I guess we
had better go on over to Flatrock and see about
    that land, first. Smith is anxious to sell any-
way, so if we go down there tomorrow, we will
    be in plenty of time."
"So," mused Du Brea, "Men from the Ohio
    Oil Company, and Smith is anxious to sell. That
sounds good. Guess I had better see
    the agent." "What time will the next train
leave for Plymouth? One o'clock? Thank
    you."

It was an afternoon to try the endurance of
    most men. Not a cloud was in the sky, and
the sun beat down mercilessly upon dusty roads,
    and parched fields. Through the dust a large
touring car crept slowly and stopped, wearily
    it seemed, before a farm house. The driver
crawled from behind the steering wheel and
    after inspecting one of the tires began to curse
the weather in general, and automobiles in
    particular. As he set to work changing the
tire a farmer came out to the road, and stood
    curiously watching the perspiring motorist. The
latter nodded and continued his work. After
    fifteen minutes of back-breaking labor he
stood up and sighed wearily.
"That makes the third blow-out this after-
    noon, about one more and I'll be done for. Can
you give me a drink?"
"Sure," answered the farmer. "Come in
    and rest a while."
"Thanks, you are certainly a friend in need. My
    name is Du Brea."
"Mine's Smith; glad to meet you."
"Nice piece of land you have here. Suppose
    you own it, of course."
"Yes, I own it, but wish I could sell. Looks
    nice but it is not much good for farming. If I
could only get my money out of it I'd go west
    and buy a farm where a man don't have to
work himself to death making a living."
"That ought to be easy. Land this near town should sell without any trouble. How many acres have you? and what do you hold the farm at?"

"Well, maybe it should sell easy, but so far, it hasn’t. I’ve got sixty acres and hold it at nine thousand, but guess I’ll keep on holding it."

"Nine thousand? Why that’s cheap and you have not been able to sell? Why I’ll tell you what, Smith; I deal in real estate occasionally and I bet I can sell it for that in twenty-four hours. Tell you what I’ll do; give me an option on it for twenty-four hours, and if I don’t sell it in that time, my name is not Du Brea.

"I don’t know much about law, but suppose I can write up an option that will stand. How is this: For ten dollars I give J. A. Du Brea an option on my land and will deliver the deed if he hands me nine thousand dollars by four o’clock tomorrow, July the fifth. How is that?"

"Here is the ten dollars. Sign there. All right, good-by. See you. tomorrow."

The auto started for town in a cloud of dust and Smith leaned on his gate smiling contentedly.

"Ten dollars—a good day’s pay and ten to one I never see him again. Fine chance of his ever coming back. If I ever get five thousand for this bunch of gravel I’ll be doing well."

Du Brea stopped in front of the telegraph office and climbed out of his car. He entered the office and after thinking a moment wrote:

"PENNSYLVANIA OIL CO. Pittsburg, Pa: Ohio Oil Co. opening up a new field here. Offered forty thousand for my land. What will you give? Land in the centre of Illinois field as surveyed by geologists last month. See chart 167. Wire at once. 

"J. A. DU BREA, Plymouth, Ill."

"Here, send this at once and when the answer comes, rush it to the Merchant’s hotel. Here is a dollar for you and if you bring the answer the minute it comes you will get another."

That night, and the next morning, Du Brea paced up and down his room. Was this chance that fortune had thrown into his hands to slip away, like so many others had? Noon came and he forced himself to eat, though the food tasted like straw. One, two, three o’clock passed, and still no answer.

"Well! one more failure; what’s the use?

Here! Du Brea! Who called? A telegram! Quick man, hurry!"

"Will give fifty thousand. Our man on the way. Will meet you tomorrow," it read.

Like a madman Du Brea tore down stairs and fell into his machine. With a jump it started and in a minute he stopped in front of the First National.

"Where is the president?"

"Here. What is it?"

"I want nine thousand dollars. Here read these. Option on land, good until four o’clock today; and offer from oil people for fifty thousand. Will you back me?"

"It’s hardly regular but guess we can stretch a point in this case. Mr. Johnson, a check for nine thousand please, and hurry. Thank you; see you tomorrow morning. Good luck."

"Three-forty and ten miles to go. Average thirty? Well I hope?"

A second later a car dashed through the main street with horn shrieking and exhaust roaring. People scattered in every direction, a policeman started into life as it turned the corner on two wheels, but before he could move it was out of sight. Two miles of rock road led from the city and it covered them with the speed of a meteor. The driver smiled, then, Bang! the car skidded to one side, as a tire blew out. The white-faced man behind the wheel groaned.

"Two miles, six minutes,—try it on the rim."

"Thirty thousand."

"I tell you I can’t sell. I gave some fellow an option yesterday and it is good until four o’clock."

"That’s all right. He will never show up. I’m representing the Illinois Oil Company. That offer just made by the Ohio man is too low. I’ll give you thirty-five."

"See here, Smith, we want the land and I’ll give forty. That option will be up in two minutes. Do I get the land?"

"Look," groaned Smith.

Down the road came an automobile swaying and jolting, with one tire flat, but still to the waiting men, it seemed to move with the speed of an express train. In an instant it drew up before the house.

"Here, Smith, is the nine thousand. The deed please. Thank you. Just in time, I see. A minute to four. Well, you see in spite of your pessimistic fears I succeeded in selling the farm. Good-bye."
Notre Dame Scholastic

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—The editorial paragraphs of the Boston Republic are models of their kind. The selection of the worthiest topics from among the mass of the week’s news shows the discrimination of the carefully trained mind; the skill displayed in compressing into brief space the necessary data and the vigorous and distinguished literary style betrays practised artists. Width as well as breadth of view—not always the same thing—sane judgments on men and things, a nice sense of values, experience of life, mental alertness and a winsome dignity, are qualities that make these editorial expressions notable and charming. We believe that they are the work of Miss Katherine C. Conway, formerly of the Pilot, and now Dean of the School of Journalism, St. Mary’s, Notre Dame. The young women who are privileged to work under such direction are much to be envied. No other women’s school in America has anything like such equipment.

—Not many of us know, perhaps, that last autumn one of the grandest monuments in Europe was unveiled on the battlefield of Leipsic. The German people celebrated in its erection the hundredth anniversary of the Volkerschlacht. Every chance acquaintance with history will recall the story of the conflict. The Germans ground down by the tyranny of Napoleon’s conquering legions, torn by dissension, and bled by years of war, summoned together, in a final effort to save themselves, every remnant of their strength. Boys and grandfathers—every man in the country—hurried to the army, for drafting was scarcely necessary, and swelled the mighty concourse of patriots. Some of Germany’s great poets fired them or some of her bravest soldiers led them. Every one knew that the issue was final, and every one was desperate, just as the Teutons of Arminius had felt when they met Varus’ legions in the forest. And victory came as it had come to Arminius: Germany and Europe were saved. Today, when the life of the German nation is threatened, when Socialism raises its red flag against the standard of ancient patriotism, there are many who are pessimistic. But the deep rumbling of enthusiasm which shook the nation with the unveiling of this monument augurs that German fidelity and truth have not yet wilted away. We look to Germany for many things, we have seen her victorious in the desperate Kulturkampf; and we pray that in the contest for the preservation of her ancient national sentiment she may win as she did in the ancient forest, and on the plains of Leipsic.

—Tennyson in an exquisite portion of “In Memoriam,” recalls the glowing discussions of his college days, and laments that the newer generation of students cares for them no more. A similar idea is expressed in “The Confessions of a Harvard Man,” recently published, in which the author criticises the lack of associations between earnest undergraduates. The modern college seems to neglect the Socratic dialogue shamefully. Now, what influence could be more potent in effecting an amalgamation of the zealous than the formation of a debating team? In this verbal affair intellect is searched for, and every atom of it is at a premium. If you have any, why not display it? If you are in earnest, why not enter into an acquaintance with those of your fellows similarly inclined, and grasp an opportunity to form a lifelong friendship? Debating will not only do this—it will teach the art of standing forth and expressing your views, it will give you a chance to acquire one of the prime assets of modern education—capability for leadership.

Wanted: Word Warriors. Students cares for them no more. A similar idea is expressed in “The Confessions of a Harvard Man,” recently published, in which the author criticises the lack of associations between earnest undergraduates. The modern college seems to neglect the Socratic dialogue shamefully. Now, what influence could be more potent in effecting an amalgamation of the zealous than the formation of a debating team? In this verbal affair intellect is searched for, and every atom of it is at a premium. If you have any, why not display it? If you are in earnest, why not enter into an acquaintance with those of your fellows similarly inclined, and grasp an opportunity to form a lifelong friendship? Debating will not only do this—it will teach the art of standing forth and expressing your views, it will give you a chance to acquire one of the prime assets of modern education—capability for leadership.

The question, Initiative and Referendum, is one which touches the vital points of government, which grasps the roots and tendrils of
political thought. Its study will require the best in you, and will pay interest on every cent invested. These things are granted to losers, and if you win—you will have the honor to uphold the renown of one of the most successful universities in this country. Notre Dame has gloried not only in her athletic prowess, in her physical brawn: she has been crowned, over and over again, by the sons who have fought her intellectual battles. And surely this is an important matter. The chief end of a university's existence is the promotion of mental and moral development, and her efficiency is demonstrated best by her success. It is more important for the Gold and Blue to win on the debating floor than to charge successfully on the gridiron. So if you have ability, come forth, for the honor of your Alma Mater.

As You Like It.

We trust that we are not encroaching upon the domain of ancient history in expressing a belated but richly merited appreciation of "As You Like It," presented in Washington Hall last President's Day. It was a fitting culmination of weeks of untiring effort on the part of the caste and the director.

The acting was faultless, the scenery magnificent, and the lighting effects superb. Professor Koehler's own great experience in Shakespearean repertoire was evident in the reading of every line, in the arrangement of scenery, and in the unique and beautiful lighting effects especially devised, by him for the occasion.

The tardiness of the notice precludes the possibility of individual enumeration and criticism and any special mention would but slight others equally deserving.

Suffice to say that it was a splendid presentation, better, many have said, than any previously produced; at all events, certainly a triumph for the caste, and for Professor Koehler, whose persevering labor and long and notable theatrical career made "As You Like It" such an unqualified success.

Breen Oratorical.

The annual oratorical contest for the Breen Medal, and for the selection of a representative at the State Oratorical, was held in Washington hall, December 13th.

Emmett G. Lenihan won first place and the medal, with a well-prepared and excellently delivered oration on "The Living Wage," Walter S. Clements, who spoke on "The Need of Our Times" and J. Clovis Smith who treated "The Christian Ideal of Marriage," tied for second place. Ronald S. O'Neil, who was awarded fourth place, chose as his subject "Democracy and the Living Wage." George Schuster, whose oration was "The Greatest of Americans," was given fifth place. Mr. Lenihan will represent Notre Dame at the Indiana Oratorical in February.

The judges on manuscript were the Rev. Thomas Crumley, C. S. C., Rev. Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C., and Prof. James B. Hines; and on delivery, Rev. Wesley J. Donahue, C. S. C., the Hon. Robert Emmett Proctor and the Hon. George A. Farabaugh.

Obituary.

We regret to announce the death of Major Henry F. Brownson, Laetare Medalist for 1892, who passed away at his home in Detroit, December 19th.

Dr. Brownson, the distinguished son of an illustrious father, was seventy-eight years old at the time of his death. He had received a careful education in youth and his enthusiasm for study and the secluded life he led developed his strong native powers and stored his mind with the learning of the ages. His knowledge was as exact as it was comprehensive, and it was equalled by that of few living men in either respect. He had had a notable military career as an officer of artillery during the Civil War. Later he opened a law office in Detroit, but his strong preference for a life of study led him to devote most of his time to literary work. His edition of the collected writings of his great father was a monumental work. He also wrote the standard life of his father and translated Tarducci's famous biography of Columbus.

Throughout life Dr. Brownson was intensely devoted to the Church, with whose theology and philosophy he was intimately acquainted. His career reflects glory on the American laity and it will be long before his place in popular esteem shall be filled. May he rest in peace!

The death is announced of Louis Socakalexis, a former student of the University and at one time the most popular player in major league ball. Socakalexis was a Penobscot Indian. R.F.P.
It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Louis Kiley (Ph. B. '12) at Rochester, N. Y., on December 22. He had been ill with pneumonia for about a week.

Louis Kiley was a rare young man, even among a body of superior young men. God had endowed him with talents many and rich, and an ideal home life had nurtured in him the finest qualities of Catholic manhood. He had never known any schools but those in which the Crucifix was honored—that is the noble tradition of Rochester—and his soul grew and bore blossom and fruit equally with his mind. Socially he was a favorite with his fellow-students who will mourn his death and cherish his memory.

To the sorrowing parents, to his brother Frank of the class of '15, to all his relatives and friends, the Scholastic on behalf of the University, offers condolence and assurance of prayerful remembrance. R. I. P.

We learn with regret of the death of Mr. P. E. C. Lally, of Denison, Iowa, who passed away at his home, Dec. 9. Mr. Lally was a remarkable man in many ways and the Church and the country are the poorer for his death. He was universally esteemed. To his son, Adis (H. and E. '06) and to all the family we offer sympathy. R. I. P.

Entertainment Course.

JANUARY-MAY.

Saturday, January 17, 8:00 p. m.—The Bahlke Trio, with Franz Wagner, Cellist.

Monday, January 19, 5:00 p. m.—Illustrated Lecture on "Glacier National Park"—L. D. Kitchell.

Friday, January 23, 4:15 p. m.—Ingersoll Symphony Orchestra (40 pieces)

Wednesday, January 28, 8:00 p. m.—Charles Saunders—English Tenor—and Company.

Saturday, January 31, 10:15 a. m.—Lecture by Wilfrid Ward.

Saturday, January 31, 8:00 p. m.—Enrico Argesoni—Celebrated Tenor, assisted by Martin Bruhl, Pianist.

Wednesday February 4, 8:00 p. m.—Lecture, by Bliss Perry.

Saturday, February 14, 8:00 p. m.—Lecture by Thomas A. Daly.

Tuesday, February 24—Washington's Birthday Celebration—Governor Ralston, Speaker.

Wednesday, March 4, 8:00 p. m.—Presentation of Sword of General Francis Thomas Meagher.

Saturday, March 14, 8:00 p. m.—Zoellner String Quartet.

Wednesday, March 25, 8:00 p. m.—Zega-Pampari Company (Grand Opera).

Wednesday, April 1, 8:00 p. m.—Edward Elliott, Reader. "The Fortune Hunter."
doings of his time. Mr. Ward is now the head of a large wholesale furniture company in Chicago.

—Paul O'Brien, a student in Engineering at the University some years ago, has established a general contracting business in Springfield, Ohio. From all reports, Paul is showing the right sort of effort, and succeeding in his enterprise.

—The Hon. James E. Deery (LL. B. '11), of the City Court of Indianapolis, spent a day with his old friends at the University. "Jim's" rapid rise in the legal profession is indicated by his election to the bench last November.

—We have pleasure in announcing that Judge Kickham Scanlan, one of the most devoted of Notre Dame men, has been elevated from the Circuit to the Appellate Bench. It is a fitting recognition of the quality and attainments of a superior jurist and man.

—The old boys enjoyed a visit from Luke Kelly, captain of the 1911 Varsity football squad, a few weeks ago. Luke has just concluded his second successful season as coach of the Christian Brothers College team, and is as big and jovial as ever.

—"Don" Hamilton (LL. B. '12) visited the old boys at Notre Dame a short time ago. "Don," who was quarterback on the Champion Varsity of '09, has just completed his second successful season as coach of the football squad of St. John's Military Academy, St. Paul, Minn.

—There's a brand new "Attorney-at-Law" sign in Dallas, Texas, and it was hung there the first of the year by Fred Gilbough (LL. B. '13). Fred passed the Texas Bar examination with high honors, and his genial disposition will undoubtedly bring him success in his chosen calling.

—Recently in Chicago occurred the marriage of Chester D. Freeze and Miss Mildred S. Westfall. The groom will be better remembered by the older students as "Chet." Freeze, Varsity basketball captain and student of a few years ago. Congratulations and best wishes to the happy couple.

—E. F. O'Flynn (Ph. B. '08) has just been appointed General Counsel for the Montana Power Co., with headquarters at Butte, Mont. The Montana Power Co. which produces 35,000 electric horsepower and which operates practically all the large plants in the state, is one of the biggest corporations in Montana.

Local News.

—Happy New Year. The "lid" is on.

—We are anxiously awaiting the first appearance of the Glee Club, which is being trained by Professor Bender.

—Military drill was resumed last Friday. Preparations are being made for the parade drills and inspections to take place later in the year. Indications point to a splendid showing.

—"Deac" Jones, captain of the 1914 football team, surprised his friends by appearing in a basketball suit. He showed up well. Everyone is anxiously looking forward to the game with the Michigan Aggies on January 24.

—The basketball court was changed during the holidays, the south goal being moved out from the wall. This may slow up the games a little, but it will be fairer to both teams and will enable our men to feel at home on an open court.

—The third annual military ball will be held at Place Hall on February 18th. This will be the first big social event of the year, and will undoubtedly prove very popular among the cadets. The officers of the local battalion constitute a committee in charge of the affair.

—The Fort Wayne Friars announce a game with Corby for January 30th as one of the features of their basketball schedule. The Corbyites are very popular in Fort Wayne and are always splendidly treated on their visits to that city. Judging from the way the men have been going in practice, Corby can make things merry for any basketball team.

—The recent cold spell afforded some excellent skating and a large number hurried to the lakes to enjoy this healthy sport. This reminds us that we have some fine material for a hockey team. The hockey season in this part of the country is short and now is the time for the men to get busy. Notre Dame was represented by a strong team last year and this year's team should be still better.

—Fred Brower of Company A recently received a sharpshooter's medal for an excellent score made before the holidays. This honor was conferred on but five men in the whole National Rifle Association last year. Brower is continuing his wonderful shooting. He made a perfect score from a prone position on last Wednesday and will undoubtedly win an en-
viable reputation in the intercollegiate rifle meets.
—On the third Friday of May Notre Dame
will debate Indiana at Bloomington, and Wabash
at Notre Dame on the question, Resolved,
that Indiana should adopt the Initiative and
Referendum. Those who intend to try out
for the teams should begin early to study the
question. An exhaustive bibliography has been
prepared by the librarian, and most of the books
may be obtained from the Notre Dame and South Bend libraries.

—A meeting of the Senior Class was held on
Wednesday evening and Morrison Conway of
Portland, Oregon, was selected class poet.
The matter of selecting a class pin was discussed
and a committee was appointed to meet a
committee from the Law class and decide on
a suitable design for a class emblem. A com­
mittee was also appointed to take charge of
the Senior Ball. Arrangements for the presen­
tation of the flag on Washington's Birthday
are under way, and the dedication of the Dome
will soon be settled by a joint meeting of the
Senior men with the Lawyers.

—In response to a call from Father Bolger,
fifty candidates for the Varsity debating teams
reported in the Sorin Law room last Monday
evening. The question for debate this year is,
“Resolved, That Indiana Should Adopt the
Initiative and Referendum.” A triangular de­
bate with Wabash College and Indiana Uni­
versity will be held on May 15. Negotiations
are pending for a dual debate with St. Viator’s.
Places were drawn on Monday evening and the
first preliminaries will be held during the
week of February 9th. An extensive biblio­
graphy has been prepared by the librarians
and a large field of study is afforded for all
candidates. The library will be open each even­
ing from 7:30 to 9:30. But two of last year’s
Varsity debaters remain in school and there is
an excellent chance for new men to make the
teams.

—Indications point to an interhall basket­
ball season that will measure up to the football
season just closed. Corby is the first team in
the field. The Braves defeated the St. Mary’s
Athletic Club of Fort Wayne on Wednesday
night by a score of 38 to 8. Fred Gushurst
at centre and Kirkland and Daly at forwards
will be exceptionally strong men in interhall.
Eddie Bott has been elected captain of the
Brownson team; and with the aid of Coach
Nowers promises to develop a strong team.
Brady, Veager and Finnegan are showing up
well. St. Joe will be in the race with a team
captained by Beckman. Capt. Steffen had
the Sorin team out for its first practice on
Wednesday evening. Cofall was on hand and
that is an assurance that Sorin will be in the
race. However, Cofall will have strong support
from Hanley and Walsh, new men who promise
development. Father McNamara had Walsh
out for the first time on Thursday evening.
Four full teams reported. Grady, Baujan,
McWeeny and Kowalski are among the men
relied upon to bring another interhall banner
to Walsh. A freshman team is all that is
lacking to make our quota of basketball teams
complete.

Athletic Notes.

TRACK PRACTICE BEGINS.

With the advent of the new year, track
practice started in earnest. Every afternoon
the "gym" is filled with eager aspirants for
cinder honors, and the squad of thirty or more
candidates contains much good material for
the coming season. But three dates have been
announced so far by Coach Harper: the First
Regiment meet at Chicago on the 6th and 7th
of February; the Illinois Athletic Club at
Notre Dame on the 21st, and the A. A. U.
championships at Evanston on the 27th and
28th. The Chicago Athletic Club will probably
appear at Notre Dame some time in March,
but the date has not been definitely settled.
It will be remembered that the I. A. C. went
down before the Gold and Blue in two meets
last year, though represented by such stars as
Alva Richards, the Olympic victor, Davenport
and others. As the margin was close each time,
another good fight may be confidently expected.
The C. A. A. turned the tables on the Varsity,
however, and Capt. Henehan has vowed ven­
geance this year. As these meets are outside
the inter-collegiate rules, Freshmen may be used,
and from the quality of the applicants, the first
year men should furnish some good material.
Among the old men are Capt. Henehan, Plant,
Eichenlaub, Birder, Bergman, Miller, Newning
and Rockne, while the inter-hall ranks have
furnished such stars as McDonough, Bacigalupo,
Lacey, Voelkers, Duggan, Bartholomew
and Hardy. Von Thorn and several others
have good records.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame Basketball Schedule, 1913-1914.
Jan. 10—Beloit at Notre Dame
Jan. 13—Polish Seminary at Notre Dame
Jan. 17—Lake Forest University at Notre Dame
Jan. 20—Winona Aggies at Notre Dame
Jan. 24—Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame
Jan. 31—Wabash at Notre Dame
Feb. 7—Ohio State at Notre Dame
Feb. 9—St. John's College at Toledo, Ohio
Feb. 10—Cornell at Ithaca, New York
Feb. 11—Colgate at Hamilton, New York
Feb. 12—Syracuse at Syracuse, New York
Feb. 13—Clarkson Inst. of Tech at Potsdam, N. Y.
Feb. 14—St. Lawrence Univ. at Canton, N. Y.
Feb. 17—West Virginia Wesleyan at Notre Dame.

Varsity Crushes Beloit.

That the Christmas vacation had exercised no ill effects on the Gold and Blue team was amply demonstrated last Saturday, when they overwhelmed Beloit, one of the best aggregations in the Little Five, by a 35 to 9 score. As soon as college reopened, Coach Harper put the men through a series of stiff practices, and the result was evident in the Varsity's smooth passwork, and increased accuracy in shooting.

The game started off in a slow fashion, neither quint being able to score during the first few minutes. But after Kenny sifted the first toss through the net, the rest was easy. The first half ended with the score 19 to 1, Nowers and Finnegan holding the visitors scoreless. At the opening of the second half, Bergman replaced Kenny, and Kelleher took Nowers' place at guard, and a few moments later, Pliska relieved Finnegan, and Fitzgerald was substituted for Capt. Cahill. In this period, the visitors scored on four field baskets, while the Varsity was making just double that number.

Cahill was the leader in the attack, the speedy little captain ringing up five baskets from the field and two from the foul line. His floor work was also a big factor in the scoring, and he got away in a snappy, accurate fashion. Kenny was an able assistant in the passwork, but his shooting was a trifle off color. At centre, Mills played a strong game, his size standing him in good stead at getting the tip-off. Nowers, Finnegan, and Kelleher made a strong defensive combination, their passwork and ability to get the ball away being of a high order.

Notre Dame (35) Beloit (9)
Cahill (Capt), Fitzgerald R. F. Kearst, Cornell
Kenny, Bergman L. F. Ward
Mills C. Turner
Finnegan, Pliska L. G. Ryan
Nowers, Kelleher R. G. Edler

Field goals—Cahill (5), Mills (3), Kenny (2), Kelleher (2), Nowers, Pliska, Fitzgerald, Bergman, Cornell, Edler, Ward. Goals from fouls—Cahill (2), Mills, Edler, Turner (2). Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Dean Barnhart (Indiana)

Varsity Wins Hard Battle.

If anyone had the idea that because the Polish Seminary was unknown, their defeat would be an easy matter, he was rudely awakened before last Tuesday's game was ten minutes old. Just about that time, the score stood 10-6 in favor of the visitors, and the rooters were putting dents in the gymnasium roof, with their vociferous pleas for the Gold and Blue to do something. The Varsity's passwork up to this time had been of a high-order, but the demons of ill luck were perched on the basket, and although the ball struck and rolled all around the hoop, it refused to drop through. Meanwhile, the visitors' left forward had been piling up points from the foul line, scoring six out of seven called.

Then Dame Fortune smiled. A sudden burst of whirlwind passing, and Kenny dropped in a beautiful shot from near mid-floor, which he followed up with another a moment later, tying the score. Before the visitors had recovered, Mills put Notre Dame ahead with two shots from under the basket, when apparently guarded. After this, Cahill's warriors were never headed, and just before the whistle blew, the speedy captain counted again at the end of a pretty bit of passwork by Finnegan. As the enemy had been too busily engaged on the defensive to do any scoring, the record at the end of the half stood 16-10.

The second half began with Kelleher in Nowers' place at right guard, the latter having been bothered with a sprained wrist for some weeks past. Notre Dame started off with a rush, Kenny breaking the ice in the first minute of play, and Mills sifting one through a moment later. A pretty pass from Kelleher put Kenny in a position to score again, and then the former rang one up for himself. Four more points were added to the Gold and Blue total, and then Danilak, the visiting star, broke away long enough to count.

This seemed to give new life to the visitors, and they scored two baskets and as many fouls in rapid succession. At this point, Bergman was substituted for Kenny. With the game nearly over, N. D. began a final spurt, and baskets by Kelleher, Cahill, and Mills put the final score at 38 to 20.
Every one of the locals played a fine game. The passwork was the best seen this year, although the long cross-court heaves were not very successful. Mills at centre put up a splendid game, and with seven baskets to his credit led the scoring. Capt. Cahill and Joe Kenny at the forwards showed some pretty team-work that bewildered the visiting guards, while the Oak Orchard boys' total of five baskets is ample testimony to the way the Varsity defense performed.

One thing is noticeable—the number of fouls called on the home team for rough play. There was nothing intentional about it, the boys broke loose at times simply because they were playing the game with all their might. But on the Eastern trip, this will be a serious detriment, as Eastern referees are notably stricter than the Western arbiters, and many games are lost on fouls.

Notre Dame (38)
Cahill (Capt.)
Kenny, Bergman
Mills
Finnegan
Nowers, Kelleher

Field goals—Mills (7), Kenny (6), Cahill (4), Danilak (4), Kelleher (2), Zelezinski, Bartole. Foul goals—Danilak (8). Referee—Metzler (South Bend).

Time of halves—20 minutes.

Polish Seminary (20)
R. F. Petzgold
L. F. Danilak
C. Zelezinksi
L. G. Batekiewicz, Galizak
R. G. G. Bartole

Field goals—Mills (7), Kenny (6), Cahill (4), Danilak (4), Kelleher (2), Zelezinski, Bartole. Foul goals—Danilak (8). Referee—Metzler (South Bend).

Notre Dame (38)
Cahill (Capt.)
Kenny, Bergman
Mills
Finnegan
Nowers, Kelleher

Field goals—Mills (7), Kenny (6), Cahill (4), Danilak (4), Kelleher (2), Zelezinski, Bartole. Foul goals—Danilak (8). Referee—Metzler (South Bend).

Time of halves—20 minutes.

Safety Valve.

Fr. Bolger—Precisely, what do you mean by value? Mr. Dyer—Why in the abstract, it's—Fr. Bolger—Never mind the abstract, Mr. Dyer, haven't you something concrete in your head?

It is rumored around the campus that Eugene O'Connell is about to sign a contract with the Federal League.

SLIGHTLY OFF.

Professor—Yes, and I understand that some of the boys have that picture called Easter Morn in their rooms.

Precocious.

When papa called the baby down
And told him not to dribble,
The little lad looked up at him
And whispered "Ishka'bibble."

Or as Lenihan would say, "No wonder the poor working man carries a dynamite bomb in his lunch box."

Take it from me Jack, I'm going to keep all the rules this year. I've made a set of New Year resolutions and have them nailed on my wall. (To say nothing of the rule against driving nails in the wall.)

And all Peter Yerns did when he was held up was to pray his assailants not to steal him away. He must have thought they were the bravest men on earth.

VACATION ECHOES.

What do you mean, you lost your dog?
If you don't like the fish, put 'em back in the basket. Stop it or I'll give you the once over.

Brownson Haller—Wouldn't it be fine if a student could be lucky enough to go through a year without missin' a single class.

Walsh Haller—Don't be an ass.

And when you think your lot is hard because you had so short a vacation, think of the poor little girl who got nothing but measles for Christmas.

Willie Case has returned to the University and is residing in Walsh Hall. (Chicago papers please copy.)

[Slight office.]

[On account of the late return of Mr. Durbin, this space has not been used.]

And they all tell you they had a wonderful time during Christmas vacation even though you spied some of them two seats in front of you at a gitney show, with their mouth full of peanut candy.

[Sarion Haller—It's the custom at home for father to read my bulletin to the family on New Year's Day. Walsh Haller—What's the use of starting a fight on New Year's.]

Oh it's apple butter time at Notre Dame.

Bro. Leopold (to the Faculty)—If you don't like me, why do you hang around?

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

This year I'll do my very best
I'll never give up striving,
And if it's possible for me,
I'll not get caught when skiving.

I'll eat my meals just like a man
With buns I'll fill my pocket,
But when folks ask about the food,
Of course, I'll have to knock it.

If I skive off to town some night
To see a gitney show,
And am accused of being out,
I'll swear I didn't go.

I've made a promise not to fight
And nevermore to swear,
I'm pledged to say that I am sick
When I miss morning prayer.

It's resolutions such as these
That show a lad of thought,
It's not so bad to disobey—
It's fearful to be caught.

And all Peter Yerns did when he was held up was to pray his assailants not to steal him away. He must have thought they were the bravest men on earth.